

Halloween Horror Issue

The History Of Halloween

By Debra Daigneault

Halloween is as American as apple pie, Right? Wrong! It's Americanized, yes, but not of American origin. Actually, Halloween comes from ancient England, in the times of the Druids, an ancient pagan cult. October 31 was the beginning of the Druids' new year, and also the feast of their god of the dead. On this day, so the Druids believed, the god of the dead called together all the spirits of the wicked, and decreed what animal shapes they would take the following year. At the same time, witches, demons and good and evil spirits roamed the Earth. To protect themselves from harm by the demons, the Druids disguised themselves as demons, for surely the spirits wouldn't harm their own kind. They also built huge bonfires to ward off spirits.

Halloween was also a time favorable for divinations concerning health, marriage, luck, and opportunity. Our ritual of apple dunking was once a sacred ritual in that day. Both apples and sixpence were placed in a tub of water; whoever could remove

either using his mouth but not his teeth, or could trap one apple with a fork, would have a lucky year. Girls the age of PC students today would perform various rituals which they believed would bring them lovers.

The custom of children playing "trick or treat" came from a late 19th century Irish belief that elves, fairies and other supernatural folk played pranks on people on Halloween. Another contributing belief is the old conviction that witches caused destruction on this day. Early Halloween tricks were often violent and damage frequently severe; gradually they were toned down to the relatively harmless procedures of today.

Speaking of the supernatural, there are some interesting beliefs behind the ever present black cats seen on Halloween. Originally, the Druids held cats, especially black ones, sacred. They thought that cats were human beings transformed for committing evil. Later, black cats were thought to be witches' familiars, or demon assistants. When the demons the witches called on for help came to earth, they would take the form of black cats.

The pumpkins, haystacks, dried fruits and other things associated with Halloween come from the Druids' harvest festival. Interestingly, while we Americans make our jack-o-lanterns from pumpkins, the English make theirs from turnips, that vegetable being more abundant there.

The name Halloween itself has an interesting origin. When the Church designated November 1 as a feast for saints with no special celebration, it was called All Saints or All Hallows Day. The night before, October 31, was the eve of All Hallows, or All Hallows Even. As the two celebrations, Christian and pagan, gradually merged into one over the years, All Hallows Even was corrupted into Halloween. HAPPY HALLOWEEN!

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood. Make thy eyes like stars start from their spheres. Thy knotted and combined locks to part, And each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

(Shakespeare)



Don't read this Halloween issue! I did and now I'm just a little photograph.

I Was A Dominican Wolfman

By Norman Quesnel

The icy north wind blew down the campus streets of Providence College catching in the crannies of the Gothic-styled buildings, and piercing the night with eerie cries and whistles. Inside his bedroom in Harkins Hall, Father Rene Tin-Tin, a silver-haired theology teacher, stood up slowly from his kneeling position. He had been praying for five hours, praying that the change would not once again come this night. With a low groan he sat on his bed and wiped his sweat-soaked brow with the back of his hand, his mouth open and panting. Then with a slight smile he rolled up his pants legs and slipped off the football kneepads he was wearing underneath.

It was almost suppertime when Father Tin-Tin strode to the dining room, his tongue hanging out slightly over his lower lip. Everything there went as usual: the saying of Grace was typically the most intense prayer of the day. The rice was a little over-cooked but the turnips (compliments of Bottalucci's Grocery) were just right. Then suddenly Father Tin-Tin felt a horribly too familiar tingling sensation growing inside him. Looking down at his hands he saw the hair on them raising up like hot blood from a severed jugular vein and his fingernails were popping out like stiletto blades.

The priest restrained himself from panic. It was not the first monstrous attack of this malicious metamorphosis, this swift switch into a furred fiend; then, as suddenly as it had struck, the transformation was complete.

Little old Father O'Houlihan was nearing the completion of his nightly walk around campus. The familiar plaid cap was resting on the gray, balding head which vibrated softly from his customary hummed rendition of "Mother McCree". Following three paces behind the old priest, as was customary, bobbed an anxious gray squirrel which he customarily would feed with bread left over from dinner. This night, however, would bring a change in routine. As Father O'Houlihan strolled down the sidewalk, the nearby bushes suddenly parted and with a terrible growl out sprang the beast that was once Father Tin-Tin. The old priest never made a sound, never had the chance to give himself Final Orders. Shortly afterwards, the monster ambled off the Union. There remained on the sidewalk only a small copy of the Summa Theologica and four tiny squirrel feet. Needless to say, it was a bloody mess. "That was a fine first course" might have been the translation for the happy grunts uttered by the departing beast.

Larosa Lobe, a beautiful well-built Education major had just completed ten minutes of solid studying for her next day's exam. Feeling the need for a respite the "cooperative co-ed" bounced over to the Union to see if she'd gotten any more love letters from her fourteen boyfriends. Unbeknownst to her, however, the hairy abomination had slipped into the building just moments earlier and had found an ambush spot behind the mail boxes. Reaching into her box for postal goodies Larosa instead felt her delicate little hand engulfed in a hairy vise and before she could peep a word of protest she was pulled through the box to the horrible fate of the baneful beast. Needless to say it was a bloody mess.

Trick Or Treat For Deviants

By Ehkl Bqshshb

It's been said there are a lot of kooks in this world and that Halloween manages to bring out the worst in them; that the night is as safe as being a Republican in next week's election. Hearing such rumors and having abstained from trick-or-treating since the seventh grade, I decided last year to find out for myself, to seek out the truth. St. Aquinas would have been proud of me!

The first thing that I needed was a good costume. I wanted something unique, something that would fit my personality. After discarding such notions as dressing up as a pail of garbage, a Japanese temple, a mammoth typewriter, a banana peel, or John Dean III, I finally made my choice. I went down to Ann & Hope and found what I wanted: a \$5.37 Daffy Duck costume, complete with mask. The girl at the check-out gave me a sly smile as I handed her my money; I smiled back. Then she broke out laughing and I laughed with her, even though I must have missed whatever had just happened to make her act so strangely.

I put my suit on; it was a bit small, but it would do. My mind wandered to other things as I watched Samantha twitch her nose and make everything right again. Once more, Darren had his job back — plus the McKinney account, to boot. I switched off the set, swung into gear, and walked out the door, ready for whatever adventures fate would throw in my face.

The first thing out of the ordinary that occurred was at 352 Ventur Avenue, where I was greeted at the door by a tall, middle-aged man in a rain coat. "Yes?" he asked. "Treat-trick," I said (I'd get it right eventually.) "Just a second."

When he came back with the candy, I couldn't help but notice that the folds of his coat were parted, exposing his pure nakedness within. He dropped the Snickers bar into my bag and then unexpectedly put his hand on my shoulder. "Would you like to come in for a while?" I thanked him for his hospitality, but said I must be on my way. I then apologized for taking him out of his shower and went to the next house.

Shortly after my brush with the bully who tried to steal all the goodies I'd collected, I rang the bell on an innocent looking house, which was promptly answered by a white-haired, aging gentleman. "Ya! What do you want?" he growled. "Treat-trick" I said. In no uncertain terms he told me to get the hell out of there before he sent his dog after me. Then he slammed the door in my face. Most unpolite, I thought. I rang again. "What? You still here?" Then, out came a slew of expletives that would make both Linda Blair and Richard Nixon blush. Again, the slammed door. I quickly realized that here was the proverbial grouch. Well, I'll fix him, I said to myself. I rang once more. Before he could utter a word, I yelled "Ah, your mother sleeps in a pup tent!" and took off. That'll teach him not to tangle with the expert, I thought.

It was soon 10 p.m. — late! My quest would be ending soon. As I was finishing my last row of houses a car pulled up. Its driver and one passenger got out and approached me. "Wanna lift?" one asked as he fun-lovingly threw his bottle at a group of trick-or-treaters nearby. "No thank you," I said. "I only have a few houses left and I live just around the corner." "But you don't understand, we..." "Oh, but I do," I said; "you are very polite gentlemen and you wish to give a

fellow trick-or-treater a lift. But it really isn't necessary. Really. Thanks awfully, though." The driver mumbled something about cold fish then he and companion went on their way.

At 10:17 I was back home. The first thing I did was examine my loot. Among other things, there were 11 packs of gum, a 3 Musketeers, 8 apples, 2 rocks, a firecracker, 1 oz. of cocaine, fingernail polish, 14 lollipops, "Four More Years" campaign buttons, a pack of razor blades, and an illustrated magazine called Animal Lust. The day. It had been a very fun day. I wondered who it was that had given Halloween a bad name: it must be a conspiracy of some sort. I encountered none of the weirdos I'd been warned about. I slowly thought myself to sleep.

All this was one year ago. Halloween is here again and I intend to go out and have just as much fun. Just don't be surprised if I knock at your door and say "Treat-trick" uh, rather "trick-or-treat!"

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Son Of Albertus Magnus

By Douglas Payne

I had long been suspicious of those strange sounds that were heard at odd times in Albertus Magnus 100, and it was Halloween Night before I found a chance to investigate their source.

More than a month ago was the first time I began to wonder — at first it was no more than idle curiosity, then gradually it became a kind of obsession. I had to know the reason for those scuffling, scraping, thumping sounds. I remember well the reason why my suspicions became so aroused.

It was Chem. class in a.m. 100, and those persistent noises had kept up all during the hour. When the class was over, I went down to talk with my instructor, Dr. MacKay, for a minute. While we were talking, I just happened to ask him the reason behind those weird sounds. The expression on his face showed mortal fear, and I was very much astonished to see such a state caused by a simple question. I suggested that it might be workmen on the roof, not because that was what I believed, but more to give him a way out. He clutched at it like a drowning man for a scrap of wood. I left him then, determined to find the real reason behind it all. Now, on Halloween Night, my chance arrived.

It was after eight o'clock when I finally felt the darkness was deep enough to hide me, and I crept silently through a window I'd left unlatched earlier, in anticipation of my plan. The eerie light of the full moon showed that I was alone in that quiet old building, and as I walked toward room 100, the only sound that I could hear was that of my own two feet. I stopped, listening, and the silence of the night became an oppressive weight. I began to feel as though I was being crushed by the building itself, as though the ceiling were pressing on my head. Taking my hat off, I continued down the hall. The door to the projection room was closed, but as I had planned, it was not locked. I had prepared for this by placing an unchewed wad of Bazooka bubble gum into the door jamb, so that the door could not lock. From my pocket I took my Hi-Beam Super-Flash (which I had obtained with those same Bazooka Comics) from my pocket and turned it on the ceiling of the room. This, I figured, must be where the

secret entrance to wherever-it-was that those suspicious sounds originated. Aha! I had it! There, near the left corner of the room was a square-shaped cut-out, obviously some sort of door to something above. I pushed the desk into the corner, put the swivel chair on top, and placed the wastebasket upside-down on the seat. Nimble scrambling up this hastily improvised ladder, I made my way up into the darkness. I removed my Super-Flash from my mouth — there was a tremendous desire to chew it, it tasted just like Bazooka gum — and shined it around me. The corridor in which I found myself was terribly dusty, clouds rising from the floor at every step, and I gagged non-stop for several minutes, after which I retched for several minutes. Then I switched back to gagging. When I had somewhat recovered, I proceeded to scuttle quickly and quietly down that narrow hall, toward what I knew not. The dust was incredibly thick, and occasionally I paused to let it settle. During one of these stops, a vague thumping noise echoed faintly from the walls of this dark corridor. What was it? Certainly not my heart — that had stopped beating long ago. It must be that same sound for which I searched! I rounded a corner and saw a faint glimmer in the distance.

At every step the noises grew louder. I thought I heard a faint growling sound, and took a bag of peanuts from my coat pocket (I hadn't eaten since breakfast). As I approached, I could see something moving in that room. It was big, and hunched over, and very hairy. As a matter of fact, it reminded me of some football players I've known. I crept closer, watching the strange actions of this bestial creature, its shuffling movements, its wild facial expressions. The floor of the room was covered with torn papers, demolished books and broken sliderules, and the beast's right hand was coated with blue ink. As I shifted my weight from one foot to another, I brushed against the doorframe. He heard me! The beast-man looked in my direction. I shivered in my number 50 Florsheims and prepared to run. Turning around, I came face to face with none other than Doc MacKay!

"Hi, Doc," I said "whatcha doin'?"

He told me to enter the room, and I did so, expecting at every step to be attacked by that foul monster of his.

"You have found me out at last," he said. "I feared this would happen when you first asked that day."

I persuaded the good Doctor to tell me the entire story. It had been about seven years ago, he said, that Micky Mulligan came to P.C. as a Bio. major. Micky wanted dreadfully to be a doctor, he told me, and so he asked Doc MacKay to help him with his chemistry, so that he could pass his finals. That was seven years ago, and with all this studying in this secret room he still hadn't been able to pass an exam. As Doc MacKay explained, Micky had a problem that was common to many freshmen, and some sophomores.

"What problem is that, Doc?" "Well, he simply couldn't understand simple mole-to-mole problems."

"I see. Hey, Doc, do you think there's enough room for two up here?"

Apparitions Of Aquinas

By Rosemary Lynch

It is a wonderful experience to meet an adored idol. Such an encounter leaves you in awe, especially if that hero has been dead for some seven hundred years.

The other day, as I was jogging around the 67 acres, I ran into a somehow familiar face. In the back of Phillips Memorial Library, propped up against a tree, there sat a fellow garbed entirely in white. Apparently, the visitor was preaching to a crowd of listless squirrels. Well, I said to myself, you never know what you'll see in Providence.

Running by the man, I frightened his audience up the trees which enraged him. "Hey you," he said,

"what do you think you're doing?" "Jogging," I replied, slowing my pace a little. "Come here!" he commanded. With apprehension I approached the robed person, fingering my police whistle all the time.

"Do you belong to the Klu Klux Klan?" I intelligently asked. The man began sputtering in Latin. As I was considering calling one of PC's finest, it struck me!

"Political Theory 441!" I shouted, alarming the man enough to shut him up. "You are Thomas Aquinas!" I exclaimed. "Naturally," he retorted, "who else would be I?"

"What are you doing here?" I inquired of Thom. (After the formal self-introductions we

quickly reached a first name basis.) "Oh, I just popped in to see how my successors are fairing this century. Then I was going to go muckraking at Holy Cross," Thom answered. With my quick wit, I grasped the importance of this situation. A personal interview with the "main man!"

Thom was speling off in Latin again to the squirrels, so to divert him I offered him a tour of the campus. Accepting, we strode towards Slavin. "This is our student union," I announced in my most professional tour guide voice, hoping that there were a few Friars around to hear me. "This must be where the students congregate to discuss the affairs of life," Thom quipped. "Not actually," I said, "the main attraction here is the Rat, where we go to study fermentation and inebriation." Noticing Thom's disgust, I steered him toward Meagher. Envisioning a quiet, studious atmosphere, Thom was more than disappointed in the dorm's activities.

"What happened to scholasticism?" he queried. I unwittingly suggested that we wander over to the library. Thom's ego was boosted by the display of his works at the entrance. However, impressed by the extensive number of "Summae Theologiae" on the shelves, he was disheartened to see that no one had checked out a single copy. Trying to mend the broken man's spirit, I asked if he would like to meet his contemporary colleagues. A smile crossed Thom's face as he consented by saying, "There is hope yet."

Trying to salvage a disastrous tour, I wished that my companion would find a fellow Dominican with whom he could converse. Well, we ran into a few men with the cowl; the first had a martini in his hand (and it was not his first), another was watching Monday night football, as for the others, somethings are best forgotten.

Thom had had enough. He told me it was time to leave. So, off to the cemetery we went. As we walked through the gate, he began to relax. Turning to me he said, "Well I've seen enough, Rosemary. I'm cancelling my trip to Holy Cross." Looking towards heaven, he blared, "Veni, vidi, relinqui."

Sadly, I watched the scholastic as he was swallowed up by the earth. To the departing figure, I shouted "It's been real. Maybe next time you'll want to take the Friars' orthodox tour."

LUSTFUL NEVERMORE
By Craig A. Watt

Milkman driving in his great white truck
Is met at the door by a lady in black
She leads him, allures him, right up the stairs
And the milkman's mind is drooping
In his thoughts of what's to come:

The movements beneath the smooth sheer gown
Those balloonnous breasts are going
To make him late in his rounds
The pleasures of the route are few
The pressures many, and his wife is just old, fat
Who in the world could possibly object?
Certainly not the dairy.

She is behind him as
The door is locked
And from the other side he hears
The heavy latch and Chain
And nothing more

Now fear yanks
At his innermost terror.
The best of darkness grabs him and seizes him
It stabs
His heart wildly

A light dimly from the bottom of the door
Reflects on the switch for the light
Quiet not a sound
The dry dark room
Is still
And now bright, he turns
To face the room aglaze

There the breathless features
Of men decaying
Silent dusty figures of men
In white linen
And milk bottles strewn
In the dark inches
Of dust on the floor.

10-21-74

Pumpkin Patches Are Not Formal

By Paul Langhammer
and
Norman Quesnel

"Did you ever have to make up your mind?"

Say yes to one and leave the other behind.

It's not often easy, it's not often kind.

Did you ever have to finally decide?"

(John Sebastian)

Decisions are often tough to make, and one of the biggest decisions in your life will be confronting you come Thursday: what to wear on Halloween. Whether going to the BOG costume party or just out stealing pumpkins, one must be properly and, if possible, ingeniously attired.

In the past, selecting a costume was rather easy. Just go along with the current trends. If you're one of those types, easily manipulated by the rest of society, then you'll be eager to know what the in-thing to wear is this year. Well, a check with local department stores has revealed that the top of the charts is occupied by the glitter suit. Scores of little girls are crowding the dressing rooms, trying to match up silver sequined jumpsuits with their braces. Or else they

opt for sheer pantyhose or maybe multicolored leotards, because "I wanna look just like David Bowie." The little boys? Same thing, only heavier on the make-up.

Now ever though you may want to run out and pick up a similar costume, you just can't because on most campuses you'd be wearing everyday attire. So what you must do is be somewhat creative, despite what that might do to your image.

Being creative, of course, often translates into stealing someone else's ideas. Imitation is the mother of creativity. One imitation which would be well-received is copying some legendary characters. Grab a few friends, make a few improvisations, and presto, instant Marx Brothers. There are combination Groucho glasses, eyebrows, nose and moustache at the novelty stores. Just get a straight friend to be Zeppo, a quiet one (with a mop head and a horn) to be Harpo, and then go down to Federal Hill and pick someone up off the street corners to be Chico.

Or perhaps you could go down to the Theater-Arts Department to round up some members for Charles Manson's Clan. Other

group-efforts could include such can't-miss ideas as Laurel and Hardey, characters from The Wizard of Oz, the Three Musketeers, the Fantastic Four, or the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

Now if your really into individuality you could put a wide piece of formica on your back and walk on all fours as a coffee table with a friend on top dressed as a flower pot. If you have to put a grocery bag on your head you could at least leave the groceries in the bag while you wear it. Or you could go as a horse and ask that pretty girl in your Ethics class to go as Lady Godiva. Dressing up as a member of your opposite sex has become trite. Go over to the infirmary and have them give you a complete sex change. If you are a cardboard box-freak make yourself up as a Coke machine or better still as a dollar bill changer. You could net a small fortune. You could be a printing press if you're the type.

A last word, avoid the bumme costumes: a cop, a Marine, a Boy Scout or a Dominican. And please, nothing phallic, after the initial novelty wears off it can get pretty gross.

assistance were answered by the brute's ripping of door from hinges and then limbs from limbs. The corpse was later identified by the scattered checkers on the floor from the game the good doctor had been trying to get the hang of. Nonetheless it was indeed a bloody mess.

Outside, once again the villain quickly cornered an unlucky student on his way back to his dorm. Thinking fast the young man timidly held out to the thing the grinder he had just bought at the mobile sandwich shop that visited campus nightly. But the obliging cur bit off his arm at the elbow sending him howling off to the infirmary where there's always a bloody mess.

Now, ears pricked high for more adventure the wretched being headed for the sandwich truck itself and the line of savory students waiting next to it. The vendor, wary of losing his customers let fly a scoop of his special hot sauce which splattered on the muzzle of the rotten wretch sending it off to the cover of some bushes where it finally passed out, overcome by the sauce's potency.

It was late morning when good ol' Father Tin-Tin awoke in the bushes without the vaguest recollection of what had ensued the night before. He felt some slight burns on his face. "Geez," he said, "I wish I could remember what I do on these nights. It must have been a great time." Then, after changing his clothes he went down to his first class and with a slight smile asked why the theory of evolution presented the Church with such a bloody mess.